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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

OVERSOUL.

I am Beauty itself among beautiful things.
—Bhagavad-Gita.

The East was crowned with snow-cold bloom
And hung with veils of pearly fleece:
They died away into the gloom,
Vistas of peace—and deeper peace.

The earth and air and wave and fire
In awe and breathless silence stood;
For One who passed into their choir
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of amethyst, amid
Thy few strange stars that lit the heights,
Where was the secret spirit hid?
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights?

The flame of Beauty far in space—
Where rose the fire: in Thee? in Me?
Which bowed the elemental race
To adoration silently?

—A. E.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1919 NUMBER 17

IF AT THE END.

If at the end you still should stand in Spring
With perfect youth above the surging years,
Still in your eyes unfaded wondering,
Still in your heart the essence of all tears;

Then might it seem that life had stripped away
From its hid semblance and last fleeting veil,
And I should know the dream of youth's decay
As one who looks upon the Holy Grail.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Mr. Arthur Henderson is coming to America! This is the best piece of news that has appeared for a long time. Mr. Henderson is the Secretary and chief founder of the British Labor Party, the dominant statesman in the ranks of the labor forces of England, a leading figure in the new international labor movement recently organized at Berne. It is announced that he is to come to this country in August, under the auspices of the American Labor Party, and tour "the states" in the interest of a labor movement in America which shall be comparable to that of the British Labor Party in England. That such a movement is needed, must be evident to everybody who understands the present situation in the United States. When one looks at the American labor world, one sees nothing but chaos—a welter of conflicting groups, running all the way from the aristocratic and exclusive American Federation of Labor to the various outlaw organizations, such as the Industrial Workers of the World, which are now being so ruthlessly hounded by the government. These groups represent only factions of a movement which has never really "found itself." Nowhere has there been a wide-sweeping program of radical social change —never any friendly co-operation between different groups to one common end. Constructive, far-visioned leadership has been conspicuously absent. Spasmodic, intermittent struggles for higher wages or shorter hours, doctrinaire campaigns on behalf of Marxian Socialism, mad outbreaks of rebellious violence—these have made up the rather pathetic history of the American labor movement. What wonder that capitalism is more powerful, and public sentiment more reactionary, in this country than in any other country in the modern world! What is needed, what must be had if anything is to be done, is a movement which shall unite all workers, hand and brain alike, in one great mass formation, and direct them to the accomplishment of a thorough-going program of social reconstruction. It is this which the American Labor Party is undertaking, amid difficulties which are unique, stupendous, but not insuperable. If anybody can show the way, however, it is Mr. Henderson. It is good news, therefore, that this man is coming for conference with leaders in this country, and for a great platform campaign throughout the nation.

J. H. H.

A bulletin recently issued by the American Defence Society urges all citizens to aid in suppressing Bolshevist propaganda in this country. Among the methods recommended to this end are the following:

Don't permit any man to make speeches or issue writings tending to destroy our Constitution, or to advocate the overthrow of the government.

Deny the right of assemblage to all who in any manner advocate the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States.

Deny the use of the mails to all propaganda advocating a revolution.

Perpetually prohibit Bolshevist teachers from teaching in any American school, college, or university.

Prohibit the use of the red flag in processions and assemblages.

The purpose of this bulletin we know is admirable, but its understanding of the situation now confronting America and the world could not be worse. If there is anything perfectly calculated to foster the terrorism which the Defense Society describes under the name of Bolshevism, it is just this policy of suppression outlined in detail in this bulletin. Suppression as a weapon against protest and revolt has been tried from the beginning of time, and always it has resulted in strengthening the very movement which it has sought to destroy. When will men learn that a redress of grievances is the only cure for rebellion —that justice is the one guarantee of security, and love the one road to peace?

J. H. H.

"Frankly," states Mr. Samuel Gompers, "I am apprehensive of the future of my country when we have such arbitrary laws as this. It is a violation of the constitutional guarantees of the rights of the people." Of what is the distinguished President of the American Federation speaking in this recent statement of his? Is it of any one of the laws passed during the war period and still in force, which conscripted millions of men for foreign military service, infested the land with secret service agents working according to the most approved methods of the Russian secret police, cast into prison thousands of men and women

guilty of no other offense than that of unpopular minority opinion, exposed the flower of our youth to the ferocious rigors of military court martial, suppressed newspapers and magazines with a stroke of the pen, denied all rights of mail service, without explanation or privilege of appeal, to any person under suspicion of the government? Oh, no! These things do not worry Mr. Gompers. Conscription, sedition and censorship laws do not make him apprehensive of the future of this country. He is outraged and alarmed, not by the suppression of free speech, free press and free assemblage, but by the suppression of the saloon and the liquor traffic! He is perfectly willing that men should be hounded by secret police and jailed mercilessly for opinion's sake, if only the bar-tender is not molested in his business of making drunkards! And Mr. Gompers is not alone in this position. Ten thousand representatives of American labor followed him to Washington the other day to protest not against espionage, but against prohibition. Let us be frank with one another! We also are apprehensive of the future of this country, when we see the one great body of organized labor in America aroused to indignation over the denial of rights which involve not those traditional social privileges for which men have fought and died for centuries, but, of all things in the world, *a glass of beer!*

J. H. H.

The American Federation of Labor, says Bertrand Russell, in his most recent book, "Proposed Roads to Freedom," is an aristocracy of labor. They (the workers) tend to work with employers against the great mass of unskilled immigrants, and they cannot be regarded as forming part of anything that could be truly called a labor movement." The recent convention of the Federation in Atlantic City offered abundant confirmation of this acute judgment. One stain, however, which has long shamed its record was at last removed—namely the ban against the negro. Colored laborers are henceforth to be received into recognized unions on equal terms with white men. Not even segregation is to be recognized. There are to be not white and black unions, but whites and blacks associated together in the same groups. This is a great victory for democracy; and a belated recognition of the fact that there is no color line in economic necessity.

J. H. H.

A sure sign of the decline and ultimate doom of the denominational church, is seen in the union of separate church organizations which now is become one of the most familiar events of the times. The amalgamation some months ago of three of the richest and most famous Presbyterian churches in New York City is a conspicuous example of what we have in mind. The usual explanation offered of such occurrences is that the city or neighborhood is over-churched—that competition, especially between churches of the same denomination, is foolish—that amalgamation means efficiency in the religious exactly as in the business world. In all of which claims there is of course much truth! But it is truth which does not touch in any remotest degree the problem of the denominational institution. A generation or two ago our cities, although much smaller than they are at present, were not over-churched. The three New York Presbyterian churches recently united in a single foundation, for example, where none too many to serve the needs of the vast community in which they were located and from which they have now disappeared. There was a time when they were all of them prosperous, powerful, happy, in a city less than half the size of today's swarming metropolis. Religious needs at this moment, in these particular neighborhoods, are greater than they ever were before. There are more people—life is more complex and difficult. But these needs are needs which can no longer be served by *Presbyterian* churches. The one church, in which the former three have vanished, is just now overflowing, thanks to the potent influence of a great preacher. But let this man lay down his task, and the church make appeal simply and solely as a Presbyterian church, and it will be found that not even one Presbyterian institution can hold its own. The people have passed verdict of condemnation on denominational churches. Thumbs are down! Church union is simply the first step in that process of final and complete disintegration which has set in everywhere in the world of Protestantism.

J. H. H.

It has been left to the fag-end of the New York theatrical season, and to the non-commercial Theatre Guild, to bring to us the most notable dramatic event of the year, with the possible exception of the discovery of a great Hamlet in Mr. Walter Hampden. This event is the production of "John Ferguson," a play by St. John Ervine, a member of the famous Irish school of poets and dramatists. The setting of this play is conventional in the extreme—a family of Irish peasants threatened with ruin by the foreclosure of a mortgage on the ancestral farm; but the persons presented in this setting produce a story of original and intense dramatic power, and awful tragedy. One must return to the classic tragedies of literary history to find anything to compare with this supreme example of the essence of great drama—the development of story out of character; and not since the plays of the old Greek dramatists has there been a nobler instance of the relentless march

of tragic fate. Not the miracle of outward concidence, but the sure logic of inward psychology determines the action of "John Ferguson"—a fact which, combined with its extraordinary literary merit, lifts this play into the first order of merit. The Irish school of Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, has given us many notable works, but this tragedy by St. John Ervine must stand as the greatest achievement of this remarkable group of writers. Produced with fine ability and sensitive appreciation by the players of the Theatre Guild, this drama has met with a reception which bears eloquent testimony to the genuine hunger of the public for the best upon the stage. Announced at the beginning for "one week only," in a remote and almost forgotten theatre, "John Ferguson" has been running for more than a month in warm weather, at the dead season of the year. And yet when our commercial managers load the theatres with garish musical comedies and vulgar bed-room farces, they have the impudence to tell us that this is what the public wants! J. H. H.

The Churches and the War

The failure of the Peace Conference, and the threatened debacle of civilization as a result of the Great War, have brought the churches of Christendom into an extraordinary plight.

The situation which confronted these churches in 1914 seemed to many persons to be one of great simplicity. The standards of plain, every-day morality, to say nothing of the august ideals of the gospel of the Nazarene, seemed to dictate a course of action which might express itself in many ways, but would always in essence be the same. Thus Bernard Shaw argued that, during the period of armed conflict, a moratorium should be declared on Christianity, and the churches "closed until further notice." Dr. Orchard of London, with less cynicism and truer idealism, urged that the churches should oppose the War, and measure their fidelity to Jesus Christ by the number of bishops and priests who, after the excellent example of "the noble army of martyrs," might be seized upon by governmental authorities and punished. Others, like the Bishop of Oxford, realizing that such counsels of perfection were vain, and feeling that the War laid upon the churches certain burdens of service which could not be evaded, recommended that the churches should enter the struggle much as the Red Cross moved on to a battlefield, to offer succor to stricken men, in the spirit of universal compassion, to the end of the speediest possible "healing of the nations." All of these suggestions were characterized by a common recognition of the fact that war was irreconcilable with Christianity; and that churches could not serve two masters, Christ and Cæsar.

That the churches followed no such line of action as this, is now a familiar record of history. With few exceptions, they plunged into the conflict as furious nationalistic partisans. Like the uncoverted Saul, they went forth "breathing threatenings and slaughter." With some of the churches this conduct was a matter of mere policy. Long trained to seek worldly prosperity by catering to every last whim of popular fancy, and by offering implicit obedience to political and economic power, they asked themselves the same question in the crisis of the War, which they had long since learned to ask on all occasions of social crises—What is it wise for us to do? The question of right and wrong was never considered by them at all. The possible necessity of suffering and death for conscience' sake, was regarded as simply ridiculous. Policy—that was the one thing really considered by these churches. Policy, hidden away under a camouflage of pietistic idealism as elaborate as it was dishonest, but policy none the less—the old, old plea of expediency—the hoary and horrible quest for respectability and power!—That they might hold the favor of government, that they might conserve their influence, that they might stand on what seemed to be the popular side of a vast issue, these churches supported the War, just as in earlier and happier days, when the wind was blowing in the other direction, they supported peace.

Many other churches, to their credit be it said, were moved to support the War by sincere moral conviction. The suddenness of the conflict, the terror of the German menace, the wanton violation of international covenants by Prussian arms, the horror of the Kaiser's policy of frightfulness, all combined to give the War from the beginning the aspect of a battle in defense of everything that is precious in our civilization. To stand aloof from such a struggle was impossible! To participate only in the form of neutral humanitarian service was not enough! Our liberty, our happiness, our very religion itself, was at stake! Therefore must the church, like every other social institution, take up arms, and battle to the death. By such considerations were thousands of Christian churches moved to self-forgetting service of the War. Theirs was the crusading spirit—as pure a spirit as that which swayed the knights in the brave days of old.

That this acceptance of allegiance to Cæsar would cost them something, the churches of both groups perfectly well understood. They would have to nationalize and thus delimit a gospel which was intended from the beginning "for all men." They would have to abandon the distinctively Christian ideals of love, compassion and forgiveness, and sub-

stitute therefor the barbaric passions of hatred and revenge. They would have to give over to persecution the good and true who must at all hazard obey the voice of conscience—nay, they would at times be obliged, no doubt, to undertake the task of persecution themselves. They would have to acquiesce in the suppression of individual liberties, and the violation of ancient and infinitely precious human rights. There would be numberless excuses, evasions, compromises, concealments, occasional falsehoods and cruelties, to be gone through with. The price was unquestionably high. The insincere churches, however, calculated with a nice precision that they could well afford this price, in view of the reward which was sure to come. Think of what prestige they would enjoy when they could show the war-record which they had written! Think of how their public influence would be magnified by their support of a triumphant war! As for the sincere churches, they regarded this price as the awful but temporary sacrifice which must be made for great ends. German aggression had imposed a kind of doom upon the world, and its fatalities could not be avoided. The world must be made safe for democracy, and when this beneficent purpose has been attained, the evil done for the sake of good will be pardoned and forgotten.

Now, however, the War is over, and where is the reward or permanent achievement? What has the conflict brought us of joy, or security? We have poured out blood like water, wasted our substance in works of destruction and death, slaughtered our enemies, hated them, beaten them. But what has it profited us? When we look for the fruits of victory, we see only famine, pestilence, misery, revolt, despair. Not even the hopes for which we fought have been fulfilled, for the world is not made safe for democracy, and enduring peace is not established among men. After four years of the most terrible suffering ever endured by human kind, made possible only by the ideals of a better day which men cherished in their hearts, we have come to the vast and tragic moment of disillusionment. And dreadful is our awakening!

What all this means to the people who made this War, and the forces which sustained it, will be revealed in the history of the next generation. Already, however, is appearing, as a first signal of the future, that terrific revulsion of popular sentiment, which is filling the world with confusion and dismay. Starvation, disease, tyranny, and now at last "the madness at Versailles," are convincing men that they have been betrayed. War and all the things of war have suddenly become to them a loathing and disgust. With one accord, in all nations, they are turning, whither they do not yet know, but definitely away from all that they have hitherto known and trusted. To be rid of these things of conflict and disaster, this is enough for the present! They can find the new, once their hands and hearts are definitely disburdened of the old!

It is this situation which constitutes the awful plight in which the churches now find themselves. For upon no institution of existing society will the wrath of men fall so surely or so terribly as upon the churches. Nor will men make any distinctions between those which were prompted by motives of policy, and those which acted upon genuine conviction. The churches, it will be said—is even now being said—should have known better! They should have had spiritual vision enough to have understood the inevitable issue of the War, and power enough to have revealed it to the conscience of mankind. For what else was the gospel of Jesus committed to their charge? To what other end were they presenting all these centuries the love of God and the mercy of Christ? The churches, after all, are no better than the rest of the world—they see no more clearly, feel no more deeply, love no more widely or bravely! Their claims to revelation, moral authority, spiritual insight, all amount to nothing. They are simply a part of the existing order, ready for motives, good or bad, to do the work of that order, and entitled therefore to be put away with the other institutions which have misled and wrecked the race. Such is the condemnation of men upon mistaken or recreant churches. Hence the futility of all the pitiful efforts today being made to restore these churches to human confidence and support!

Terrible is the moral law! Awful is the Day of Judgment which this War has brought upon society! In the case of the churches this Day has been long preparing, for their failure to read aright the signs of the times was manifest years ago. The War simply brought the climax of a prolonged period of uninterrupted spiritual decay. What must now come is a new religious movement, born of the new democratic strivings of mankind. The Great War marks the end of an epoch; in religion, the end of Protestantism. It marks also, amid "chaos and black night," the birth of a new world, and in this world must be raised a new church, to offer an altar of the new religion.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE RETURN.

I that had found the way so smooth
With gilly-flowers that beck and nod,
Now find that same road wild and steep
With need for compass and for rod,
And yet with feet that bleed, I pant
On blindly—stumbling back to God!

The Crisis. —*Jessie Fauset.*

THE PULPIT

Peter's Fishing Excursion

A Vacation Sermon

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES, June 21, 1896

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, we also go with thee." John xxi:3.

Through the tangled after-growth of myth, legend and miracle it is not very difficult to discover what was possibly a real situation. At least in this to me incredible setting of miracle I find a credible basis of human experience, a very natural incident. It was a troublous time. Things had gone badly with the little band. They had been trying to solve the unsolvable until their heads ached and hearts drooped with loneliness and discouragement. The great-hearted leader, the beloved and loving friend, had been violently put to death, bringing not only paralysis but utter rout and ruin to their plans. There had come destruction to their ideals. Long excitement, continuous exposure, sleepless nights, their own uncertain fate and imminent danger had unstrung their nerves until, in colloquial phrase, "they did not feel fit for anything." They were willing to work, but what was there to do? At that juncture if they had tried to do anything, it would probably have been the wrong thing. If not the wrong thing, the right thing would have been done in the wrong way and in the wrong place. Any suggestion of missionary work would doubtless have been met with the rebuff that "it could not be made to pay expenses." In short, the disciples were at one of those passes which every one encounters once in a while, a point where further effort seems impossible, where the finite will is bankrupt, where human resources are exhausted and any struggle seems, for the time being, fruitless, conscience itself a burden. In such an emergency there is plainly nothing so good to do as to follow Peter's example and "go a fishing." For once, at least, the impulsive Peter was nearer right than his more sedate and somber companions. Under such circumstances one had better "go a fishing"; that is, abandon the high fields of struggle, forego the prayerful endeavor, resign oneself to the inevitable, nestle in the maternal arms of Nature, make confession to the high priest of day, wrap oneself about with God's healing mantle, the delicate fresh air, visit the shrine where shines the truest symbol of the Holy Ghost, pure water, and worship in the temple of quiet whose unwalled aisles are reared in the vale of solitude. There perchance the reluctant mills of thought may begin again their grinding and the soul, unsummoned and unconscious, gird itself anew to its task.

When the poor slave of what we sometimes call civilization finds himself tired, cross, disturbed beyond all measure by trifles, the first thing he is apt to do is to send for a doctor, if indeed he be not so far gone that he does the more desperate thing of sending for a preacher, expecting a little ghostly consolation from his religion which, under other circumstances he places high on a shelf out of reach. Better than either is to take Peter's prescription and "go a fishing"; indeed, the wise physician, whether he be of mind or body, will promptly endorse the Petrine remedy. Such a patient needs the subtle restoratives compounded in God's great laboratory of the out of doors more than he needs quinine or Dover's powders. He needs a bath of sunlight, a diet of fresh air. With good Izaak Walton, I would emphatically say, during the months of July and August at least,

> "I, in these flowery meads would be;
> These crystal streams shall solace me.
>
> * * * *
>
> And here see the sun both rise and set;
> Here bid good morning to next day;
> Here meditate my time away."

And, with Sam Walter Foss, a humbler poet of modern times:

> "The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
> The brooks for the fishers of song;
> To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
> The streams and the woods belong.
> There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
> And thoughts in a flower-bell curled;
> And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
> Are as new and as old as the world."

But be this as it may, for present uses, our text is worth more as a parable than as history. Let us find hidden in the miracle the great natural law, and discover in this story a suggestion of an experience very human, an incident very familiar and lifelike. What was good for Peter and his party is good for all of us once in a while.

Of course this fishing party had poor luck at first. The record says that "on that night they caught nothing," but the next morning as the great gold globe appeared above the eastern hilltop and shot his arrows into the blue waters of Galilee, driving the mists before him like a flock of frightened sheep, making the water resplendent with the indescribable glory that is the despair of artists, calling the birds from their leafy bed-chambers to praise God in their unwritten ritual of song, loading the breezes with the healing fragrance of Lebanon's cedars, perfuming the air with the breath of palm trees and the attar of roses that is distilled by the Celestial Chemist, then the nerves of these fishermen became steadier, they were in a sane mood; courage came into their hearts, and their vision was cleared and their eyes uncovered. Now their souls grew alert again and to them the noble form and the commanding voice were somehow present once more and their Lord stood upon the shore. I suspect he had been there all the while, but they were too despondent even to look for him, much less to see him. A voice was ready to speak to them the night before but they could not hear. No heavenly voice has been heard from that day to this by man or woman suffering from the blues. No illuminated face ever appeared through any glory of the morning to faithless eyes. Doubtless there were plenty of fish in the lake the night before, but the fishermen had been casting their nets in the wrong way and upon the wrong side. When they did cast the net upon the right side, "they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." However it was with them, we know that the Lord never appears to us while we mope. We are deaf to the voice when cheer is gone. At such times the best thing to do is to go with Peter a fishing.

Let us touch this principle on the material side first. When the tides of life run low and the business man loses the power of smiling, he had better go a fishing. It is in this way alone that he can successfully conduct the battle between bills receivable and bills payable. In this way alone can he provide for the rainy day of which some live in far too great a terror and to which others live in wicked indifference. It is better to take a few rainy weeks or months at the outset of life than to spend fifty years in cloudy weather. And on the side of severest prudence, closest economy, the pinching money-making ambitions of life, one had better become a sun-worshiper for a few days, seek the midsummer benediction of the oaks that invite him with extended arms, and take Hosea Bigelow's primary lesson in theology:

"You must get up airly, ef you want tu take in God."

For in this way only can one make the most material business go. The woman who cooks away the appetite she tries to gratify, who wears the body out in preparing its raiment, has bargained for defeat. The Lord of health and strength has been taken away from her. Let her say with the disciples, "I too will go a fishing with you," and in that rest find renewal.

But this law is more than a physical one. How often are the chords of life overstrained in the struggle for culture; how frequently in the pursuit of duty the mind grows despondent, listless, bankrupt; the keen eye becomes lusterless under drooping lids, indicating the tired soul, the sick heart, because, like the disconsolate disciples, the owner has lost sight of the Lord. "I go a fishing," said Peter. It is well. Let all such respond, "We will go with thee."

Still higher in the realms of the spiritual life it is well to go fishing occasionally. In their inordinate eagerness to save souls, their undue anxiety to possess themselves of the highest Lord, men not infrequently find themselves in the position of the impulsive Peter and the unfortunate disciples. Vision is denied them. Both sight and hearing gone, all is blank. An ever growing anxiety about the conditions of felicity in the world to come fills the heart with a strange panic. There is a nervousness lest the Almighty may neglect his duty towards the world, a worry lest the preacher may speak the truth so plainly that this dear pew-holder may withdraw his subscription, or that dear family hovering on the border of the parish be frightened away. Let these go a fishing spiritually and find that real salvation comes only

to those who have moral poise; true sanctity comes only with health of spirit as of body to those who live in harmony with the creative forces of the universe. Moral ill-health sometimes precedes physical ill-health, as oftentimes the converse is true. A healthy soul can make great uses of a poor shift of a body. Witness William Ellery Channing and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. While an unhealthy mind will break up the finest constitution, as any doctor will tell us. If we could only let our minds go a fishing an hour a day or half a day in the week or one month in the year, it would be easier for us to keep our books balanced. Our expense accounts would be less alarming. A gracious beauty bath, a more kindly fellowship with earth and air, a more intimate acquaintance with the spot where the Sweet Williams grow and the Robins sing, is the best remedy for the gross and feverish appetite for stimulants of every kind, which so drain the pocketbook. Our extravagances are born out of our unhealthiness. Our dissipation is but a symptom of a deeper disease. Like the disciples, we lose our Lord, never to see him again until a healthier spirit looks through a rested eye. There is nothing so cheap as health, nothing so expensive as disease. God's real restoratives are very cheap. Sunlight, beauty, fresh air, and water are supplied at low rates to those who go to the right market, while the compounds of the apothecary are always costly.

There is a religious value in the mid-summer abandonment. In it the sinner hears a call to return to the simplicity of common sense, to a respect for the economies of God. He is summoned to worship in the boundless cathedral, to revere the sanctity of out-of-doors, the sacredness of temples not made with hands. I do not mean the "sinner" in the technical theological sense, but I mean the violator of God's laws in matter or in spirit, in the church or out of it. When the church fails to minister to such a soul and is incapable of saving it, there is still hope if it can escape from the lesser sanctities of the within to the greater sanctities of the without. Let him keep a holier Sabbath by learning therefrom that

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.
> Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
> Our meddling intellect
> Mis-shapes the beauteous form of things;
> We murder to dissect.

But we haven't yet reached the heart of our mid-summer sermon. The approaching vacation days are not days of indolence but of tremendous activity. The mystic alembics of God are in these days charged to bursting with creative energy. Today measureless wheat fields groan in birth throes, teeming acres throb with the pulses of the creative God. While nature is doing so much it may be pardonable for us to do a little less, that we may better "stand and see the salvation of the Lord." In April, May and June, the farmer was burdened with a sense of anxiety. It was for him "to make" his crop, as he put it, but in July and August his energies are taxed to gather the crop that God made after all.

So the rest we need and seek is not indolence but repair, not dissipation but re-creation. Science corrects the beautiful Greek parable that made sleep the twin sister of death. Sleep is instead the most active and constructive of all conditions. The conscious forces retire only that the dominion of the unhasting and unresting forces may be more complete. It is well that the fitful will should resign the throne in favor of that infinite will that is so much more executive. What seems deathlike is most intense life. The enginery is now directed indeed by the divine Hand of which we know so little save that it exists and works. How deep is the breathing, how strong and steady the pulse of the sleeping child. The deeper physiological functions are now being carried on at their maximum. Physiologists are inclined to think that during sleep most of the constructive work of this physical system is done. While we wake, we waste tissue. While we sleep, Nature takes control, carts away the debris, builds up the waste places, and renews the tissue. There is an exact analogy in the life of the spirit. During sleep even the murderer is innocent and the lustful is pure. In their sleep, the coarse renew their babyhood and the hardened are mellowed with innocence. The shadowy touch of a mother's hand, the remembered glee of childhood hours, and the blessed kiss of earliest love come again to the soul in sleep. Sleep is one of the ways in which God ever reconciles a wicked world unto Himself. We wake up with a new chance. We wake up re-stored. We wake up re-formed.

This symbolizes the vacation I plead for you, the vacation I seek for myself. Let us sleep awhile to the distractions of society, to the formalities and pretensions of fashion; to the feverish ambitions of business, that the deep undercurrents of our natures may flow freely again, the still waters of the soul may restore again the neglected gardens of the heart and cause them to blossom as the rose. Let us run the engine into the shop, not to rust, but for repairs. Let us learn economy of effort and transact our most important business in retirement. God's methods are wiser than ours. He makes no such fuss as we do over business; consequently he does not tire. When we do less, he does more. Our helplessness is his helpfulness. In sleep we are powerless, He is powerful; He giveth his beloved not only sleep but also "in sleep" as the proper rendering of the old Psalmist's phrase puts it.

> . . . God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness, His rest.

Better then than any plans of work or dreams of future activity in these coming weeks, is the hope that there may go on within us this process of reconstruction, this unconscious but divine restoration, the noiseless building, of which we are passive recipients. We lend ourselves to those higher, more subtle forces which create. Let us then with Peter go a fishing, but let us do it in such fashion that, come next September, we may be able to cast our nets on the right side, and find that we will be "unable to draw them for the multitude of the fishes." Oh if only all those who seek to flee from work and care could apprehend the nice conditions upon which God alone consents to reconstruct body or soul, if we could only know the difference between rest and dissipation, make ourselves passive recipients instead of feverish seekers, what a restoration would be ours, what successful fishing we could do on our return.

Life is a brook and as we travel downward with it, listening as we go to the ballad written in water and sung by the stream, we stumble upon the human ingenuity that would harness this lyric of nature to a grist mill. We need not resent it for the song grows still more musical when it makes merry with the water wheel. We will not regret that we belong to that practical, contriving Yankee age that does not hesitate to hitch Pegasus to a plow and would, did opportunity permit, plow up Eden and set it in corn. So we will make the most of our mill, glad that our brook can lay hold of

> "A wheel with its iron teeth
> And turn a shaft that is hung beneath,
> With a jumbling thump of the tumbling bolt;
> Like the awkward trot of a barefoot colt";

Until

> "The place is thrilled with a rumbling tread,
> And the air is gray with the ghost of bread!"

As we continue to follow the brook, it becomes a river, Nature's great democrat that brings down the high and raises the lowly, a noble symbol of the spiritual restoration that awaits mankind. It fertilizes the soul by which it passes, gives bloom and verdure, yet ever hastening to the sea, it is filled with a ceasless yearning to find itself embosomed in the fathomless depths of the greater mystery.

Hasten where we will, to lakeside, mountainside or seaside, to the calm within five minutes walk of our own door, or the fastnesses of remote mountains, it matters not how or where we go so long as we find the reflections of the sky and the broader vision that comes with climbing. If we seek to solve the conundrum of the crags and would fain read the story of creation in the succession of lichens, mosses, grasses, shrub, tangled brush, towering pine and stately oak—we may find them anywhere where life lends itself to the restoring spirit. They come to a soul that goes a fishing anywhere. Perhaps most surely to those who go a fishing at home and in the home spirit. More blessed than all the new fangled "resorts" of fashion and its sports is the privilege of nestling once more into the old but ever new loves of childhood homes. Let us go on blessed pilgrimages to the feet of the venerable, to those who sit watching for us on the beach of that ocean, where the fore-splendors of another day already light up the brow now crowned with almond blossoms and the memories of transfigured ones. Let us renew again those sanctities of which

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

In all these ways we may "go a fishing" and this kind of fishing does not necessitate railroad fare or costly travel. It only needs the yielding of the open eye and the uncovered ear, the teachable spirit.

Let us not miss this point. The brook, the river, the lake, the mountain, and the fishing-ground that I have been speaking of may be found at home, perhaps more easily than anywhere else. The cheapest and best way for most people to go abroad is to stay at home, for the fishing grounds least visited are those only to be found by traveling inward.

News from Europe

A "Fiendish Operation."

It is a hard time the atrocity-monger is having just now. And the worst of it is for him, his government seems bent on ruthlessly exposing him before the very people who believed his lies. Here is another "historical" untruth, one used extensively in America:

The Press Association states that the Government Committee on the treatment by the enemy of British prisoners of war has had its attention drawn to a report published at the end of January making allegations against a German surgeon of wanton and fiendish operations upon a wounded English soldier.

The statement, said to be made on the authority of a surgeon at a London military hospital, was to the effect that a sapper of the Royal Engineers named Roberts was wounded at Le Transloy and had his right hand amputated at the wrist by British doctors at Mons hospital. Subsequently the Germans removed him to another hospital, where a German medical professor, trying experiments on his arm, "slit the stump and tried to make the two ends of the bone of the forearm into two fingers of weird and terrible appearance." This not proving successful, a piece of flesh, it was said, was cut from Roberts' abdomen and an attempt made to graft it on to the mutilated stump so as to form a sort of third finger. The account added that what might have been the useful stump of an arm had been rendered useless by the German experiments.

An unsolicited letter from a British officer puts a totally different complexion on the matter, and during their investigation the committee received a letter from another British officer who was invited to be present at the operation on the prisoner, which he described in detail, and referred to the German surgeon in question as "a kindly old gentleman."

Captain E. N. R. Maitland, R. A. M. C., in an unsolicited statement to the committee, said he knew Roberts well. The surgeon referred to was Professor Muller of Rostock University, one of the most courteous gentleman the captain had ever met, and a very exceptional type of German doctor, whose treatment of British prisoners was extremely kind and gentle. The operation performed on Roberts was a modern one, but one which had proved excellent on several occasions. He did it with Roberts' consent, and did not press him to have it done. The captain explained that the operation failed owing to the presence of deep abscesses near the elbow, which had become infected, and even had the operation not been performed the right arm would never have been useful.

The writer said he personally had been treated by Professor Muller, and added: "We have enough true cases of brutality perpetrated by the Germans without distorting the truth."

Captain W. M. Christie, R. A. M. C., confirmed Captain Hartland's statement. He said he was asked to put the matter before Roberts, to let him decide whether he wanted the operation. Roberts agreed to it.

A Duty.

I was present at a labor meeting in a little South-country town the other day, when a discussion sprang up about the conscience and the intelligence of the rich. One speaker said they were clever, at least their leaders were, for they found a new red-herring at every election. This time it was "Make Germany pay, and hang the Kaiser." Next time it would be something else. "Anyhow, *we* are had every time," he said. But another speaker said he knew something of the rich, and they were not clever, though they had some animal cunning. "If they were clever they would have given us enough to satisfy us years ago, for we are easily satisfied; but they were too stupid and ignorant to do that." Neither of the speakers was a "Bolshevik," nor was it a meeting of Bolsheviks, but of ordinary working men of the Home Counties, and it was interesting to hear them say what they really thought or felt. But it was not pleasant to realize the gulf between them and the well-to-do, and I wished that some more of my own class were present to hear them. But of course none were. They don't turn out at night to go to labor meetings; if they go to meetings at all, it is to those of their own party, where they hear what they expect to hear and suppose there is no answer to it. Nor do they read labor papers; they get their version of what labor thinks and feels from their own papers, owned and written by their own class, and their political economy, if they have any, from books written by their own class. The two worlds have no dealings with each other except in the matter of business and charity, and they are divided from each other by both. The more a working man thinks, the more he lives in his own world, with his own prophets and heroes, his own aims and values; and every year this world is becoming more real to him and more distinct from that of the well-to-do, who are not even curious to know what he thinks and desires and loves and hates.

The English upper class, for the most part, believe that they know about politics and political economy by instinct. For them there is not one case and another case, but a set of facts which they have grasped and of which the working classes are ignorant. How could it be otherwise, since the working classes lack the leisure and education which they possess? If they are well disposed towards labor they think it ought to be instructed so that it may know what they know. But meanwhile labor, at least the more intelligent part of it, has been instructing itself in another school altogether, and with the aim not of defending the *status quo*, but of attacking it. Labor has no desire to be instructed by the educated classes, because it thinks they are not educated. Where it can test their knowledge in matters that most closely concern itself, it finds that they are ignorant both of facts and of theories. They know nothing of the housing question; they do not even know what kind of house the working man wants; they know nothing of what he wants or why he wants it. And when it comes to theories they talk about the perpetual struggle between the haves and the have-nots, or say that capital and labor are both necessary to each other. The working man is past that proposition; he is asking whether the capitalist is necessary to him; and he no longer believes that people of leisure, by reason of their superior culture and knowledge, perform a valuable function. He knows what artists think of the rich man's taste in art; he begins to look at our public buildings, our refined entertainments, the clothes of our fashionable ladies even, and he sees that plutocracy has failed in art, as Morris said it was bound to do. He believes that it has failed in everything. It has not even produced intelligent plutocrats; it cannot defend itself because it does not know the case against itself. In fact, from every source his rage is fed and becomes more and more a religious rage. Not only his interests but his deepest values feed it; besides injustice, plutocracy means to him ugliness, futility, faithlessness; and the more he thinks and feels, the more it means all these to him.

But of these facts the rich remain for the most part ignorant. They talk of unrest among the workers as if it were the unrest of a dog searching for fleas, and they are unaware that the working man is beginning to despise them more than he envies them. But, since they have leisure and are supposed to have education, and since they justify their good fortune on the ground that their education and leisure make them valuable to society, it is their duty, at least, to master the case of labor, if only so that they may know how to answer it. At present most of them, if they try to answer it at all, answer a case which they imagine for themselves. If anyone who reads this thinks it unjust, I would ask him how often he has been to a labor meeting, or read a labor paper, or talked freely to a Socialist working man.

You cannot learn any case from the opponents of it, or even from vague, sentimental sympathizers with it. The working man will tell you that he knows where the shoe pinches and you do not; he knows how the mass of people live in this country and you do not; he knows what they want and you do not. And if you tell him that no more can be done than has been done he will disagree with you. As for the political economy which you learned, or didn't learn, in your youth, it is nothing to him. He has a political economy of his own which he probably knows better than you know yours. Tell him that the rights of capital are based on the abstinence of the capitalists, and he will tell you that it is the workers who

do the abstaining and the capitalist who profits by it. Talk to him about the rights of property, and he will refer you to two books by the Hammonds, "The Town Laborer" and "The Village Laborer," and will ask you whether you think the facts related in those books prove that the rich have had any respect for the property of the poor. And you, if you are an ordinary member of the prosperous classes, will have to answer that you have not read them. We know how the orthodox used to guard themselves against doubt by not reading anything the doubters said, and how they used to be satisfied with arguments which assumed their ignorance of the other side. But their will-to-believe in the account of creation given in the Book of Genesis was respectable compared with our will-to-believe in the righteousness of our own prosperity. We may say with reason that if we sold all that we have and gave to the poor we should really be giving to the rich; but if we are not going to do anything heroic like that, we can at least be at some pains to know what the case of the poor is. Economists have told us that we can do nothing for them, but if we were poor ourselves should we take it for granted that the economists were right?

All through the ages man has been subject to error. Is it likely that the economists alone of all men are free from it? And, if we assume they are, is it not because they make us feel comfortable? Besides, there are other economists who say that something can be done, but they are unorthodox, like the Modernists, and so we do not read them; in fact, we do not know their names. We are content with our case as we know it, and it is just this contentment, which he calls ignorance, that exasperates the working man. He believes that if we had all exercised our wits seriously upon the state of the nation we should have made it better than it is. He believes that we do not exercise our wits upon it because we know that if we did we should be forced by our consciences to make unpleasant sacrifices, and we cannot say that he is wrong until we have tried.

A. Clutton-Brock.

From the Manchester Guardian.

Bolshevism.

Since the second Russian Revolution, of November, 1917, the word Bolshevism has passed into every language. But of the thing almost nothing is known, outside Russia. The word has become a bogey to frighten the public and prevent them from inquiring why the Allied governments are intervening by force in the internal affairs of a country with which they are not even formally at war. Of the thing, we know nothing that the censorship can prevent our knowing. Passports are refused to independent observers, anxious to investigate on the spot. Communications from correspondents in Russia are held up unless they confirm the view which the governments have decided to disseminate. Bolshevism is to be a bogey. And anyone who questions this simple assumption is to be branded as a Bolshevist himself.

In this atmosphere of ignorance and passion it may be worth while to draw counsels of caution from a similar situation more than a hundred years ago. The French revolution had broken out; and after the first moments of enthusiasm, had entered upon the tragic phase which no revolution has escaped. The classes dispossessed by the new movement flocked abroad with their grievances, and found a ready ear with governments controlled by people like themselves and naturally sympathetic to woes by which they, too, were in danger of being overwhelmed. The *émigrés* captured the sympathies of the governing classes, and a European crusade was preached against revolutionary France. This armed intervention precipitated a tyranny in the invaded country, and was the direct cause of what is known as the Terror. And the Terror in turn gave the enemies of France an excuse for denouncing her as the enemy of God and man. In vain a small minority of sane and liberal men endeavored to stem the tide of execration. What history was to look back upon as a great and beneficent movement, regenerating a decadent world, appeared to contemporaries (as Bolshevism now appears to Mr. Churchill) to be nothing better than a "foul baboonery." And in this orgy of passion the British led the way. Incapable, then as now, of comprehending an idea or responding to an enthusiasm, they found in the Terror a spice to sharpen their combative instincts; while their governing class, then, as always, pursuing, through a cloud of sentiment, a shrewd policy of national aggrandizement, exploited for their own purposes the popular mood they had created. France was crushed, and England, victorious but unregenerated, sank back into one of the poorest, meanest, most unhappy periods of her history. The breath of life which renewed the continent of Europe, passed her by. She had learned nothing, and forgotten nothing.

Between that piece of history and what is now passing our eyes there are analogies to which it may be useful to attend. The movement called Bolshevism is plainly an inspiration.

Like the French revolution, it fills its adherents with a passionate devotion and an energy of propaganda before which bourgeois governments tremble. But it is a movement, like its predecessor, which spells ruin to the classes it has dispossessed. It is the first attempt in history, on a large scale and under competent leadership, to establish that economic equality which is the ideal of all Socialism. And it has treated the owners of property with as little consideration as they have shown to Bolshevists wherever they have recovered power. Like the *émigrés* of old, the classes dispossessed have turned for aid to foreign governments. And these, recruited, like themselves, from the propertied class, and identifying civilization with the social order by which they profit, have offered them in full measure sympathy and material aid. In Finland, in the Ukraine, at Archangel, in Siberia, they have supported, in every way they could, any movement, any government, and any methods which might serve to overthrow the dreaded idea. Their intervention, as formerly in France, precipitated a dictatorship and a Terror. And the dictatorship and the Terror were then used to inflame passion against the movement. Yet, by a curious irony, a dictatorship and a Terror has been supported by the Allies, whenever it has been white not red. The government of Admiral Koltchak is a militant autocracy which has destroyed every shadow of representative institutions. The government of Finland, after an orgy of massacre outdoing the worst done by the Reds, holds in prison all the elected representatives of the workers and the Socialists. Yet these governments, and every such government in Russia, are in high favor with the Allies. It is not Terrorism in itself that they object to. It is Terrorism in the working class.

All this is natural enough, if not very edifying, from the point of view of the propertied class. What might surprise us is the measure of endorsement it has received from the mass of the people. But that mass, in England, is now, as it was a hundred years ago, ignorant, sentimental, the slave of phrases and words. The press gave the Bolsheviks a bad name, and the people hung them. Once more a world-historic movement, of enormous range, complexity and importance, has been handled by the British as if it were a mutiny of naughty schoolboys. And it will be only by the skin of our teeth that we escape, if we do escape, a new war on an enormous scale to destroy, in a country, formally at least, neutral, a government, and a social system, which a growing body of evidence suggests is winning if it has not already won, the allegiance of the mass of the people.

To say this, is not to say that Bolshevism is admirable, or that in its present form it will and ought to be finally imposed on the Russian peoples. Those who hate violence in every form must condemn its use in revolution as much as in war. Nor can we characterize the policy of starving out the resisting and the intellectual classes, if it has been pursued, as other than an act of malign folly. But the supreme right of criticism and of resistance belongs not to us but to the Russian people. Terrorism and violence are no more the essence of Bolshevism than they were of the French revolution. They are phases that must pass. The movement produces them and swallows them again. Recent reports filtering through with difficulty, and boycotted by the greater part of the press, seem to show that the Bolshevik government, even under the desperate conditions to which they have been reduced by the blockade, are accomplishing a considerable feat or reorganization. Apparently the European governments themselves have begun to doubt the wisdom, and even the possibility, of the policy they have been so long and so disastrously pursuing. The working class, too, seems to be shaking off the hypnotism of words and coming to see that what their governments are fighting is not a knot of assassins, but, in fact, the Russian people. It may yet be possible, by making peace with the Bolshevist, to make peace in the world. But peace on any other terms is impossible.

From the London Nation.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WHAT THE GERMANS THINK.

Notes at First Hand From a Delegate to the International Congress of Women.

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* from "somewhere in Germany" answers the question, "Are the Germans repentant?" by saying: "No, quite naturally they are not. Why should we expect them to be repentant? For four years one of the finest propaganda machines in the world has been dinning into their ears the righteousness of their cause—every fact which supported it has been cunningly utilized, every fact which opposed it has been carefully distorted." Many facts and allied arguments have been given them—"a clever compound of which ninety per cent was truth and ten per cent lies," the latter so cleverly arranged as to give a totally wrong impression. "They are anxious to admit that they are in the power of the Allies, but, as they consider, only as the victims of a great combination of jealous rivals to crush them." The writer urges that the Germans be told the truth by photographs of German soldiers' letters giving account of atrocities and by the circulation of "Lichnowsky's forbidden book, so well known to us but practically unread by Germans."

At the International Congress of Women recently held at Zurich, twenty-five German women from Hamburg, Frankfort, Berlin, Bremen, Stuttgart and Munich assembled with delegates from fourteen other countries and gave valuable testimony that through the war they have stood out against their country's policy and made their ineffectual protest against the invasion of Belgium, annexations, and deportations.

They were very exceptional women, of course, and had suffered for their pacifist faith. One Ph.D. had been imprisoned for crying out against the cheers that followed the sinking of the Lusitania. One woman who had lost a son in the war remarked, when the Congress offered tribute of praise alike to the conscientious objectors who had suffered for their faith and to the soldiers who had fought to end war and make the world safe for democracy, that she felt the German soldiers could not come in that category, for they had not fought to end war. These dignified and able women included in their number several of great oratorical power, who made a profound impression both at the twelve business sessions of the Congress and at the large, crowded public meetings in the town. They feel that, as one of the most eminent said privately to me, "Whether Germany signs the treaty or not makes no difference; in either case, Germany is ruined"; but they did not discuss the matter and left to the initiative of the British, French, and English the opposition to the terms of what H. N. Brailsford call "a peace of strangulation" and what the British nonconformists have pronounced as "punishment without hope of redemption."

All who had feared there might be some embarrassment in meeting women from the Central Powers at this juncture, on seeing them felt instantly the naturalness and rightness of this first attempt to bridge the gulf that since the first Congress in 1915 at The Hague had so much widened. They showed in their faces the tragedy which the war had wrought. Some of them tearfully expressed their deep feeling of appreciation that there were even now women in the Allied countries who had faith in them and could treat them as sisters. One of them, Frau Kulka of Vienna, in impassioned words declared that the greatest loss that they had suffered had not been the loss of food, spite of the awful starvation, nor even loss of life; it had been the unspeakable spiritual loss—the loss of faith in God, in country, and in mankind. This Congress gave them renewed faith and hope in the future and in humanity. No one who met them and conversed with them from day to day could help but respect and honor these women and realize that though few in number, they represented little groups everywhere which are the hope of the ruined countries. They can help interpret the best of the aspirations of the Allied people to their discouraged and bewildered compatriots. "We were so foolish about everything political; we left everything to our government," said one of the newly enfranchised women, feeling her new responsibilities. While condemning their government's general philosophy of war and its aggression, it seemed evident that they were still unaware of many things that Americans had in mind. "When did the hate begin?" asked one of them. "Was it when that great boat—what do you call it? [I suggested the Lusitania] was sunk?"

Discussion of the responsibility for the war was forbidden at the Congress proper, but in private there was frank discussion, and the calm interchange of information was helpful. I repeatedly inquired as to the attitude of mind of the ninety-three professors whose support of their government's policy at the outset so shocked the world. I learned from good authority that about half of them have changed their views and will probably publish a statement, but not until the terms of peace are settled.

Two statements of equal interest in regard to atrocities were heard. One, from a British source, that the Bryce report on atrocities had been withdrawn, and that Lord Bryce regretted ever having signed it, as much of it proved to be unauthentic. The other was from the German side and showed that, on investivation, the Germans were convinced that the stories sent broadcast among them as to Belgian women blinding the German wounded soldiers had no foundation.

This carrying out of pledges made at The Hague in 1915 to assemble during the peace settlement was feared by many of the public as something that would be premature and futile. It proved quite otherwise. As the president, Miss Jane Addams, said in the closing words at the banquet, it had proved to be "neither sentimental nor superficial," but a deep spiritual experience for all who in this world crisis were privileged thus to meet and to show that what a few could do now might be done sometime by all the world.

Lucia Ames Mead.
The Christian Register.
Paris, May 23, 1919.

WISCONSIN FILES FIRST.

D. G. James, Civil war veteran, seventy-six years of age, ran a race with the Burleson outfit to land the distinction for his state of having its certificate of ratification of the Suffrage Amendment recorded first at Washington. Among the states of the Union, Mr. James won hands down for Wisconsin.

The legislature of Wisconsin and Illinois ratified the suffrage amendment on the same day, Tuesday, June 10. Illinois hurriedly prepared its certificate for the State Department and forwarded it by mail. Wisconsin handed it to her former state senator, D. H. James, with instructions to get it to the Secretary of State at Washington and have it enrolled first. In true "message to Garcia" form Mr. James delivered Wisconsin's certificate to the state department.

Mr. James's home is at Richland Center, Wisconsin. He has been a consistent advocate of woman suffrage, urging such reform in the legislature during years that it was looked upon as a joke. His daughter, Miss Ada James, is one of the leading suffrage workers of the state and Mr. James's victory is the more dramatic and fitting in that both father and daughter have carried on their work in memory of the wife and mother who was one of Wisconsin's pioneer suffrage leaders, but did not live to see the fulfillment of her hopes.

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Spoken March 23, 1919

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